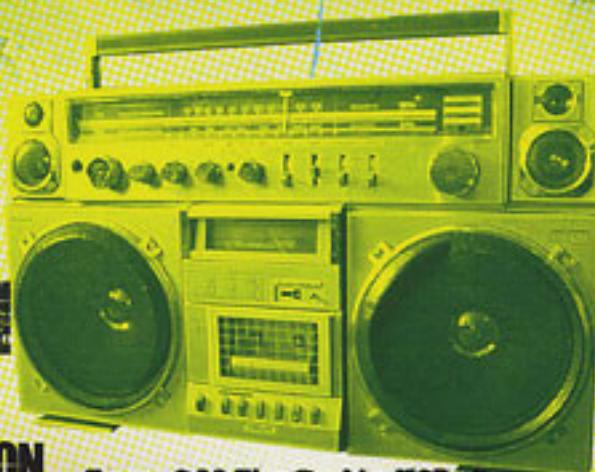


dj green lantern

dead
 prez

PULSE OF THE PEOPLE



INVASION

Turn Off The Radio VOL. 3

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Runnin' Wild"

[Mumia Abu-Jamal:]

Inspiration that came from Black and Latino and young people.

From the ghettos of the Bronx and Brooklyn and New York, you know what I'm sayin'? (Of course) That's power

[stic.man:]

Fuck the police, can't wait to get from momma house
Hopped off the porch, old enough for some drama now
Pistol in his pocket, barely strong enough to cock it
But he ain't scared to pop it, got a heart like Colossus
Momma ain't home, daddy locked down
Still his gold chain swing, pants sagged down
He be clean, fresh Caesar
New jeans, new sneakers
Middle finger to his teachers, a rebellious young genius
Little Bobby Hutton, '09 version
Ready to touch something
No matter what
Determined to make his life worth something
Keeping it gangsta
Cause the young black male is in danger
One slip out here, these crackas will hang you
Only the strong survive
No choice, you gotta ride
Young in age but your mind is wise
Walking strong with a King Tut strut in your stride
Black pride and I'm young, hungry, born to survive
Don't collide with him

Ya, I hear all that righteous shit you talkin' man, fuck that.

I gotta get out here and get this money, man. My daughter feet grow everyday.
I'm broke out here. Ain't nobody giving me no jobs. I gotta get it one way or another

[Hook:]

Little child, little child
Runnin' wild, runnin' wild
Little child, runnin' wild
Whoah, ya
Hey, little child, little child
Runnin' wild
Little child, runnin' wild
Whoah, hey

[M1:]

Growing up in this world today is not easy to do
Either your choosing your path or your path will choose you
Lil' Khazi got big shoes to fill for his fam'
He's so young it's hard for him to understand

That he's the man of the house
He know the time, his momma work overtime
And his attitude (a milli, a milli, is '09)
Go to school just to battle MC's in the cafeteria
Fell asleep in third period to the theory
That the president is black so he should try to be that
Better yet, put a gat on your back and go to Iraq
But he already done chose a side
A bonafide People Army soldier rollin' for life
Mind sharp as that switch blade knife in his back pocket
Ain't no crack in his sock
He got bigger dreams
And even more than money countin'
He ready to move mountains
The future Kwame Nkrumah
And he know it's a dirty job but somebody gotta do it

Shoot, you gotta feel me man. Not a day goes by it ain't a shootout.
My gun is all I got in these streets.
I'm 'bout myself, and when I need help, the only thing I can rely on is my gun game

[*Hook*]

[*stic.man:*]
I love to see the homies cliqued up, fists up
Khakis on, STAG bandana rag twist up
Hood pride, unified
G'd up, ride or die
Street tribe
Real soldiers don't die, we multiply
[x2]

[*Hook*]

[*Mumia Abu-Jamal:*]

You got people all around the world nodding their heads to what people are saying.
So when you're conscious of that, then ya know, you can do more than just say, "this is a hustle",
"I'm trying to make my bread" or "that broad got a big ass". Come on.
There's more important things in the world. I know you and stic do it everyday

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Don't Hate My Grind"

WRBG People's Radio

Turn off the radio

Turn off that bullshit

I am close to the edge don't push me *[x4]*

Yo the recession got a nigga loosing calories

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Warpath"

(feat. Ratfink)

I'm on the warpath [x4]

[stic.man:]

Lady liberty dressed in drag

Silver badge

No country for old men

Renegade policeman

True evil

Oppressor of the people

Blue lethal

Psychopathic

Arm of the state

Licensed to kill

In the inner city he hunts and lurks

Blood thirst

Vampire sworn to protect the evil empire

It's business

Mercenary, no code of honor

A blue wall of silence

His actions cause riots

Murderer, terrorist, racist, supremacist

Terrorize the residents

Intimidate the innocent

Power unlimited

Targeting the prey with the hoodie and the jewelry

He the judge, the jury and the executioner

Redneck Lucifer

The streets is on fire for all the years he been abusing us

I fiend to throw his ass off of Lakeview terrace

So I ran up in the precinct and I shot the sheriff

[Ratfink:]

It's been a longtime coming

And I can't hold out much longer

It's been a longtime coming

And all the waiting made it stronger

It's been a longtime coming

And it's way too late for you now

It's been a longtime coming

And there's nothing you can do

I'm on the warpath

[Hook:]

And I'm gonna hit you like a freight train coming

On the warpath want to hit the ground running

I'm on the warpath

I'm on the warpath
I'm on the warpath

[M1:]

Ayo my brain fried and I'm off duty
I'm about to pull out my gun and go and shoot me a movie
 You think you hardcore?
 But you ain't ready for war
When you see me coming pray for the lord
 You probably just a snitch anyway
 And a ditch is your grave
And the president don't got shit to say
50 shots is nothing, it's been 500 years
I enjoy seeing all y'all mommas in tears
 As I haul your ass off to jail
Stop going to church, praying to god
 You're living in hell
 And I'm the gatekeeper
 My boss is the Grim Reaper
Better known as the sergeant of the pig department
 And guess what's next for the next generation
I'm about to turn the whole damn 'hood into a slave ship
 You thought that was some shit in New Orleans?
 You better watch out for the global warming

[Ratfink:]

When you close your eyes at night
And you think you're safe at home
 You'll never see me coming
 And you wake up all alone
 You made your bed baby
 And I hope you'll never sleep
I'll be waiting for you in your dreams
 If you ever get that deep
 I'm on the warpath

[Hook]

[stic.man:]

So I ran up in the precinct, and I shot the sheriff

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Gangsta Gangster"

(feat. Styles P)

Gangsta Gangsta with a "A" not a "ER" [x3]
Cuz all I gees I know are part of the revolution

[Stic.Man:]

Its not a word to be claiming jus cause it sound cool
The game's so twisted today for lack of ground rules
 Is a man of his word a man of action
 Never begging, complaining he make it happen
 It's not the image they selling us on the TV screen
 Is a survivor, a rider provide by any means
 Moving stragey outsmarting his enemies
 Ready to give his life, you still wanna be a g?
It's not something you claim just because you from the hood
 Everything twisted the game is so misunderstood
 Used to be a protector, man of the people
 Now they most followers man, where are the leaders?
 A ghetto superstar is cool but I know something harder
You don't know gangsta till you know about Bunchy Cater, Aunty Assata, Soondiat Ecoli
 Not to disrespect their legacy but that's the real OG's
The one who has the biggest mouth to be the biggest coward
 No time for petty beef a gee is about getting power
 That's why you can only be down after initiation
 So niggas know how you respond in different situations

Gangsta Gangsta with a "A" not a "ER"
Cuz All I Gees I know are part of the revolution

[Styles P:]

He was a mean one nah he was born one
He don't ever say a thing when the law comes
He don't need a posse of brothers that act wild
He works a Hard Job and tries to raise a black child
 He breaks bread with his people like Jesus did
 He tried to explain to the children what the evils is
 Knows the spots where the crack, coke and diesel is
 Did some time in the pen now he diesel kid
 He know the penile system is part slavery
Knows that the judge on the stand is where the pagan be
 Knows freedom is priceless it takes bravery
 He knows I ain't an animal but they caging me
 He plays DP thinking about his DP's
 Wish he had a hundred guns headed up to DC
 He wants change like Obama did
 Probably lived where your mama lives

[M1:]

Is is the bandana, the hat, the loafs or the gatt
I tell you off the bat hell nah it ain't none of that
It ain't the smell of the chronic the broken ebonics
They be the main ones poppin that shit but they don't want it
Willing to live or to die for what he believe in
He know the code of the streets you can't deceive him
A gangsta's word is his bond you must respect that
He keep his flag and his rep well protected
Is it the bankroll? The bulletproof tank? no
Look at his tattoos the women about to faint so
He could of went to jail but been the biggest snitch Or
He could when you trust your loyalty you switch

Gangsta Gangsta with a "A" not a "ER" [x3]
Cuz All I Gees I know are part of the revolution

[Stic.Man:]

It ain't just Easy, Dre, Ren, Cube and Dela
It's also Nina, Sarah, Billy, Betty and Ella
G is the seventh letter, G is for gettin better
A G is a go-getter, A G is tougher than leather

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Afrika Hot!"

I don't represent the red white and blue
I'll cut the head off the devil and I'll throw it at you
Uhuru is my world view; RBG to the grave
Even though Obama is the president, we still enslaved
I don't have to be born and raised on a continent
I know where I'm from; it's engraved in my consciousness
We one folk many tribes, many sons and daughters
Before the white man's artificial borders
We was warrior kings, victorious dynasties
I had to open my eyes to see their historians lied to me
I don't know what my tribe was, they stole my culture
But I know I'm still standing on ancestor's shoulders
Yo' I could have been Bassa, Yoruba, or Kikuyu *?*
So I just claim them all from Ashanti to Zulu
I am, because we are one tribe
Children of the sunshine let's ride, it's nation time

Why don't you tell me the truth? I can think for myself
Everything they manufacture be so bad for you bad for your health
Why they so parasitic? Why they so hypocritic?
Why they take everything real and turn it into a gimmick?
I learn from people who live it, I'm a G with no limits
Immuuh always stay committed the minute until we win it
RBG representin', if I said it I meant it
That's why you got to stand and fight
Cause it could change any minute
I took a visit to the border of Kenya and Tanzania
And they got the same ole' president we got over here
It's a global revolution, everybody get down
Cause when I look around the majority is brown
So we may as well link it up, time comes sync it up
Fresh water straight out the earth you'd better drink it up
Revolutionary love, freedom's what I'm thinking of
Meet me at the steps of the capital if you've seen enough

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Refuse To Lose"

[Chorus]

I got so much trouble on my mind

refuse to lose

refuse to lose

(it's just energy man)

I got so much trouble on my mind

refuse to lose

refuse to lose

(it's electric)

I'm caught up in this untouchable mentality

as a man thinkin it becomes his reality

I used to let stress build up until I learned

that stress'll eat your insides up like worms

see worry is the cousin of death

thinkin negative you might as well go ahead and bury yourself

I was taught by the struggles of life to be strong

like ian, you hafta have the heart of a lion

I been through my share of this hell, but still I rise

many days didn't know what to do

but we survived

every struggle is a test, a lesson

you just gotta figure out how to overcome and catch the blessin

they want us to turn to dope and lose all hope

spirit broke and confused

but I refuse to lose

through fear, through pain, through loss

I can't stop

won't stop

till we make it to the tip top

this is hip hop

[Chorus]

I got so much trouble on my mind

refuse to lose

I refuse to lose

(I, I will not lose)

I got so much trouble on my mind

refuse to lose

I refuse to lose

(I, I will not lose)

ay yo, failure ain't an option it's a death sentence

you can't survive without no food that ain't no sustenance

plus when it's crunch time

back on the wall

life on the line

before you lose your balance and fall
you will find that it's an instinct
act first and then think
second law of nature, self preservation
move without reservation
no hesitation when it comes to me and mine
do you come from that design or do your compass need alignment?
I'm mercenary
My assignment?
kill or be killed, a sin or a skill?
however you define it
a sa siembra victoria
revolutionary propaghanda intended to raise warriors
ain't nothin like this world crisis
the price of life is measured by the lifeless
it's brutal but I fight this
supply, demand, inflation rises
we can't afford the rice
there's nothing to eat
I know it's hard to digest

[Chorus]
I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
(I, I will not lose)
I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
(I, I will not lose)

they say the best revenge: success and living well
no more throwin them coins down in that wishing well
go out and get your own
we all reap what we sow
the end is all on you
what you gonna do?

I got bass strong enough to cut through a coal mine
hold a goal in my mind till I reach the gold mine
overtime grind
with no days off
but ain't nothin like the feelin when it all pays off
all it take is the thought of my son for motivation
long as I'm alive you can't break my dedication
family first
everything real in the field
it's a cold game
life don giva fuck how you feel
we live in a material world or so it seems
but I ain't got nothin to lose but bad dreams
when I woke up I was already 17
but I was determined to break the cycles I'd seen

when I learned that the blood in my veins came from kings
it curdled, when I looked at the present day scene
but the same pressure that turned my brother to a fiend
I face it, embrace it and convert it into steam

[Chorus]

I got so much trouble on my mind

refuse to lose

I refuse to lose

(I, I will not lose)

I got so much trouble on my mind

refuse to lose

I refuse to lose

(I, I will)

(I, I will not)

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Life Goes On"

[Chorus]

Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on

Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on

Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on

Life goes on, (hey one how ya feel?) the world keeps (yeah) turning & life goes on (let's go)

Life goes on

You stuck back in the day, but homie it's 2009

Every thought you think is a seed you plant that grows within your mind

Better focus on your grind

It's real out here

The game don't wait

We fall down

we suck it up

We get back up and make a way

'Cause the past is yesterday

and the future never comes

The present is a gift

This moment is the only one

You can't rewind the clock

Time is all we got

and once it's gone

It don't come back

Whether you like it or not

Gotta play to win

If you ain't happy - make a change then

If what you doin' ain't workin' it might be time to change plans.

You lookin' at a changed man

From where I used to be

It's no fear

I ain't going' nowhere

So get used to me

I shook off the dead weight

Freed up my head space

Now my priorities in order

and my bread straight

With even greater faith

So let the haters hate

For one thing we got in common that we can't escape is...

[Chorus]

Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on

Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on

Life goes on

Some people blame they parents

For what they shoulda done

Or what they didn't do
Or what they wish they woulda done.
Caught up in the past
Trapped, 'cause they can't forgive
But you can make a choice now how you wanna live
You can be negative;
You can be positive
But either one is up to you
It's your prerogative
It's not what happens to us
It's how we handle what happens
The ups and downs in life give us understanding and balance

[Chorus]

Gotta take it day by day
The pain just seems to fade away
Look at pictures in my mind
Everything just turns to shades of gray
The cornerstone; without you the family fell apart
Can't put the pieces together
We don't know where to start
Had a show in South side Chicago, it was a cold day
Cold playing, repeat playing
No way, I keep saying
Think about my momma locked up in that dungeon, Godforsaken;
and when she find out her momma dead, how she going to take it?
Got an older brother and we argue every time we speak
Every relationship is different
Ours is unique
Shoulda said I'm sorry 'fore I went to school in T-town
I got your memories
I got you on the rebound
Walk with the ancestors - Grand mommy
and if I start to get weary, please stand by me
I just want the world to know your grandson was thinkin' of you
I guess it's never too late to say that I love you
So this one is for you

[Chorus]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"\$timulus Plan"

[CHORUS]

You should go go
Feed your marrow
Then the Afro
Then the Euro
Anything
For that green
It's a scam
It's a scheme

(clips from news, legislators)

Four or five dollar bills

[?]

I've been in the same situation
Heartbeat racing
You come up but you don't eat
I done had to sleep in a train station
Going stop to stop
But no place to be
Paperchasin'
Filling out applications
For weeks
Just tryin' to get up on my feet
But they ain't hiring
So a niggas forced to resort to the streets
Just to make ends meet
It's called survival
The struggle continues
If it offends you, let me remind you
We all have instincts to do what we have to,
To make it through, and this drive is primal
Whether you at MickeyD's takin' an order
Or comin' from Florida transportin' a quarter
Or on a corner
We all got needs
I gotta feed my son
He gotta feed his daughter
Naw, I ain't no capitalist-exploiter
But I know the rules of supply and demand
Whoever controls the product
Controls the supply
And, hey, well that's the law of the land
Make your own stimulus plan

(more)

Don't ever think slavery was just about race
Slavery was about money
They say the USA was founded on freedom
But slavery built this country
Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln,
Hamilton, Jackson, Grant
Were all slaveowners
And even today
From Clinton to Bush
They runnin' the same game on us
They so-called war on terror
Is just a ploy to get more cheddar
Dinero, the root of all evil
They come in bombin', shootin', exploitin' people
And call it freedom
It's a cold game
And it's the same from the top of the food chain
All the way down to the little homie in the street gangs
Slangin' cocaine, it's how they do thangs
It's the American way
Imperialism, have it your way
Whatever it takes
Whoever gets fucked in the process, that's okay
That's how they play
So you can't blame us
Them dead white men on that paper ain't us
We still gotta hustle for the benefits, man
My grind is my stimulus plan...